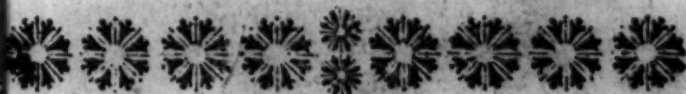


o
A
COPY OF A LETTER
18
WROTE BY
A YOUNG SHEPHRD,
TO HIS FRIEND
I N
BORROWDALE.

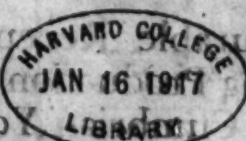


To which is added,
A GLOSSARY OF THE
CUMBERLAND WORDS.



Printed in the Year, 1795

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G. F. Parkman fund

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ADVERTISEMENT

THE favourable Reception this following Production of an ingenious Cumbrian Youth met with on its first appearance, and the repeated calls for it since out of print, will it is hoped be a sufficient Apology for re-printing thereof.

A Glossary is added for the Assistance of those who have never been much conversant in the Dialect of this Part of our Island, and to whom without such Explanation, many of our Provincial words might be wholly unintelligible. The present Editor thinks it his duty to acknowledge that for the last part he is indebted to the late ingenious Mr CLARKE, from whose History of Cumberland the Explanations are chiefly taken.





Yachaga havis a hot mid bew the 3 11

COPY

OF A

LETTER.

FRIEND,

Send te thisan, to tell the amackily
 I what dreedful fine things I saw ith?
 rwoad tuv an at yon Dublin, and
 r' hardships ive bidden. I set for-
 rat o midsummer day, and gat to Whitehebben
 a giit seaside town, where sea nags eats cwols

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out o rack hurrys, like as barrels does yal drink: I think sea nags is not varry wild, for they winter them i girt foalds wi out yats, an as I was lakin about to gang to Ireland, I saw twea duzen o fellows mivaking a sea nag redder styake ov iron; I ast yan o them if I cud get ridin to Dublin? an a man in a three nuikt-hat, at knackt like rotten sticks, telt me I mud gang wid him, for a thing they caw tide, like t' post oth land, was gangin an wad-dent stay o nea body niver. Then four men in a lile sea nag a swoal I think at they cawt a bwoat, heltert our nag an let it out oth swoald, than our nag slipt t' helter an ran away: but they hang up a deal ov wind clayths like blinder brydals, wi hundreds of ryapes for rines. Land ran awry and left us, an our nag had eaten so many cwols it was cowdy, and cantert up wi ty end and down wi tudder, I turnt as seek as a peet, and spewt aw at iver was imma; I thout I sud ha deet, I spewt aw cullers. Neest day after we set forrat, an island met us, thev cawt it man I would tain a scent cumt hard tull us, but it slipt away by and left us: but sum mare land met us neest day efter; it was varra shy; but we follot it up, becofe tha said Dublin was ont. I persuadet t' man wit' three-nyuk'd hat to owrgit if he brast his nag, an he telt a fellow to twint' rail

ont', as tha dyu swine or bulls when tha carry them to bare at Kessick, an tha wiln't gang on; than we gat to Dublin prusently; but I hed likt tull a forgotten to tell the seck girt black fish we foe; tha snowrt when tha com out oth girt dub like thunner, and tha swallow land nags as hens dus big; mappen eat sea nags when tha dee. It was a nice breet mwornin when we war i' Dublin ba, as tha cawt; whar't sea gangs up tow'r't land as as a dog dus toth' heed of a bull: twea men i' yan oth thar bwots com to our nag side, tha caut them Paddes; yan cudnt tell thare toke be geese; tha drank hartly of our watter, it stink: tyu, but we had nuot better to drink, for't girt dub's as sote as brine; it wad pussen the if thou tyasted it, we ga them twea fellows a helter, and tha led our nag into Dublin, as wild as it 'twas. But () man! what a fine country ther was ov tudder side of us; hooses as white as drip, and as rank as mice: Dublin toun, it lyuk'd like a girt foald fullo' sheep, at van cud nobbut jnst see the heeds on; chimlas lyuk'd like hworns, an kurk-steeple an spires, as tha caw them, like as menne gyat hworns amang tudder. Sea nags is as rank i' Dublin beck, as if thou was lyuking at ten thousan geese in a gutter; tha hevnt foalds for them as we hev iv England; town keeps them warm i' winter, but tha feed

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wi' beck-sand, as tha dyu at Whithebben wi'
 cwols; but not out o' rack-hurries; theyve a
 mouth at side, whore men feeds tern in at wi'
 girt iran spuyns. But O man, it was lucky I
 leet of a man at went toth scyul wi me when
 I was a lile lad; we war deevlish thick, and he
 sed he wad let me see aw things; if I had gyan
 into Dublin he me sell, yan may gang fifty miles
 a day and nout but hoos for hoos, and like
 our lwonnins for lenth; you cannat see't yarth
 for pavement nea whore; nor I sud never see
 auld Inglan agyan, if I had been by my sell, I
 dare say, for tha are the deevil for settin yan
 rang if yan als them. Thare's hooses tha caw
 public beeldins, at's sea fine, I cannot tell the
 what tha ur like; the Parle-men-hoos, whore
 gentlen gangs to bate yan anudder: there's a
 vast o' girt styan props oth swor side ont; theres
 a room wi' reed furms int, whore tha feight,
 I lvuk it's blood mappen; there was a lile wo-
 man let us see that hoos, about four fuit hee,
 she was as thick as three auld mears twin'd
 together; I wunder'tat she duddent grow heer,
 leaving in a hoose twenty or thirty fyut hee,
 but she was bryad as a hayaock. Anenst it
 al-out a styan thro of Parle-mea-house was
 Collership-hoos; its a bigger plyace ner tud-
 der; if thou was plyace where great crags hing
 ovr ov aw sides o' thee, it wad be lik't square

as they cawt' ith' the middle oth' Collership
 Houles: fwok at I sa tha wore myast o' them
 as black as deevens; it sartinly isnt hell; but
 tha sa tha git dead fwok out of their gryaves:
 I think it's true for I so a varst o' deed fwoks
 byans, and some lockt up in glafs coffins, wi'
 flesh on; and tha had barns, an bits o' flesh
 prifirv'di' bottles as fwoks dus berries: There
 was a fellow wid a bunch of keys, at oppent
 locks and duiis as fast as lyuk; it myad me
 think o' the Reblations, where yan reads o' the
 keys of death and hell; thou mappen under-
 stands tat plyace. We war in a plyace they
 caw Musium, where there's aw things at's co-
 mical, a thoufan things at tow never so, nor I
 can caw; there war muse deer hworns as bryad
 as our back-bword, an bits ov o' manners of
 hworns: I cannot tell the what, but there's the
 nyam'd in the Rebelations, an weel have a vast
 o' talk when I shall get yable to come and see
 the.

I was at a plyace they common Exchange
 where fwoks fra aw nuiks o' the world meet
 togidder; tobye and sell aw things at iver thou
 can nyam t' midst ont's like a bee-hive that
 stands t' top of long freestan legs wid a
 girt round winda ith crown ont, an like a wide
 hoos round about legs, at covers as mickel

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ground as t' tarn at t' Gowd-Ark inn thou kenst. I saw a plyace tha caw cassel, whore a a man they caw Tennant leevs he's stuart ov Irelan for our king; t' lword mear ov Dublin's his heed fearvant, and fwok sed he went thro' hell to kurk ivry sunday, I thout it hed been some street lwonnin mappen, at tha cawd sea, but I fairly saw him stannin like a duir steed, raised about tweek yards o' the yearth, but I think he was chain'd t' t' h spot, becofe hedudnt stir, mappen dezd, but it was a dark black lwonnin covered ower wi' black hooses, an I persuadet my fuit to carry me a good way off sick curiositys, for I was amyaft freetint to deeth; But it was varra weel I had strenth to run away; now thou may be sure I gev my comrad a deevilish lesson for trailin me throo hell, he's flait o' nout, but carry't me to parish kurk, its as big as a town for girtnefs, an as menny fwok at it, there was hoaf a duzzen o' preasts at wark, but weed nobbut staid a bit when summet tha caw roworgins began a beelin like a hundred mad bulls, an as menny lile lads ithar farks began a screemin murder. I think, for ivry beel was like thunner; my feet then carr't me without perswadin, in a calleevir our fwok an aw at iver was imme way, till I gat into a girt feeld a mile aboot, tha cawd it Steben's green, I think efter a man

on a girt gray nag, at was stannin a top on a lile hoos it midst ont; heed his sword drawn, but he durstnt git off for want o' room; I think tha sed he'd been freetent as I was, but I was sea freetent I hardly knew what I dud or sed, but I saw anudder man ot top of a lile hoos, i'h midst of a girt street lwonnin; I think they were brudders, for their cwoats were like a flyated hoos side, and tha war as pale as deeth ith facelike my fell; round t'fwoar cawd feeld was t'finist gravel gate thou iver slept on, and thar was hundreds an thousands of fwoks stavelin about ont. I began to be as mad as I was atcwolly whenitbrack't neck oth bellwether, at tha waddent help t' man on his own nag when it was amygst dark; I was mad an swet for feer, an durst not say a word, becofe there was so many three nuik'd hat men theer an lyadies as tha caw them, (i'd better been in Borrodale), I hev oft thout ien if we had yan o' them lyadies amang our bigg she wad sarra to keep crows oft bravely. I ast a man at I kent what walt matter wi sum oth wummon fwok at tha war sea bryad tea way, and he telt me it was a fashon to weer huips; nut a bad-den nowther if it keep their legs togidder, for there was sum o' them varra bonny, but I wadden hev yan o' them for a wife an shied aw Borrodale, wi out they wad doff there huips

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when they gang to bed, for tha are as bryad
 as enny bed in Borrodale, and thou knos there
 wad be nea room but a top o' them, an what
 sleep could yanget a top of a whick bed; hang
 them, thyar aw white heeded like our weet-
 miller lasses, and tha talk an yilp like mice, I
 wonder what they lee at fancy lee, but have
 nice lile suits, maks me think they wad prove
 nimmel shipherts ov our brant fells; an we
 wad larn them to sov and clip, and the huip
 pockets wad be vara sarvicable to put a lam
 in of aider, side, in a cwoald m wornini' spring,
 when thair starvt amyas, an gits lile milk, but
 to be shwort, as our preest sez in his sarment,
 I hedn't time to think of ow this when I saw't
 for my suit ran wimma thro amang fwok an
 ow, fwok sea fast, I freetent them, they thour
 that oth donnet was immie, they mud ha thout
 reet if they'd thout at t' donnot had setten me
 forrat, for if tha keep sec farlies o purpos to
 freeten fwoks, there's nea matter how many
 o' them be trodden to deeth; but i'll promise
 thee I nivr stopt till I gat tull a sea nag at
 com tuv Englan, an I was seek agyan, afwore
 I gat hame I cud nowther eat nor drink aw
 th time, and if thou so me now thou cudent
 tell me be a frosk, at had been hung up bith
 heels in the sunshine, an dryt to deeth, for I's
 as thin as lantern leets.

I think thou munnet expect to see me this month, this is three days at hyam, and I've a stomach fit to eat t' horse chint t' Saddle; I git five myals a day, and a snack when I gang to bed. I whop I's git strang agyan or it be lang, and rhan I shall come to see thee. This is nobbut like t' clock when it's givvin war-nin to strike, so whar I shall tell thee when I cum.

My kind lyuiv tu tha, and may gyud luck keep thee fra aw ats bad, and dunnet be keen o gangin abroad for fear the donnet git thee.



A GLOSSARY



A

GLOSSARY

OF THE

PROVINCIAL WORDS.

A *MACKILT, in some Fashion*
Ast, ask'd
Brant, sheep
Bryad, Broad
Brudders, Brothers

Cwools, coats
 Cawt, called
 Cwoats, coats garments of any kind
 Cuddent, could not
 Donnet, a Cumberland term for Devil
 Ebint, behind
 Forrat, Forward
 Frosk, a frog
 Girt, great
 Gangin, ganging
 Heller, { a horse collar made of hemp, which
 frequently used as a bridle.
 Huorns, horns
 Huips, hoops
 Imma, in, or within me
 Kurk, Church
 Lwonnins, lanes, here used for streets
 Lile, little
 Luive, love
 Myakin, making or doing
 Mappen, Perhaps
 Mickle, Much
 Nobbut, only
 Nuiks, Corners
 Oppent, opened
 Ryaps, rapes
 Sarra, serve
 Thisan, this
 Towert, Towards

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Tudder, the other
Varra, very
Waddent, would not
Wimma, with me
Tal, ale
Tats, Gates
Tilp, { a term here used to express the chirping
of Birds, Mice, &c.



THE
 DAFT BARGAIN.
 A TALE.

AT market anes. I watna how,
 Twa herds between them cost a cow:
 Driving her hame, the needfu' Hacky,
 But ceremony chanc'd to k———
 Quoth Rab right ravingly to Raff,
 Gin yeil eat that digested draff,
 O Crum my I shall quat my part.—
 A bargain be't with a'my heart,

Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
 To gorble't up without a gloom:
 Syne til't he fell, and seem'd right yap,
 His meal'tith quickly up to gawp:
 Haff done, his heart began to scunner,
 But lootna on tid Rab strak under;
 Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,
 At his DAFT BARGAIN did repine.
 Well, well quoth Raff, tho' ye was rash,
 I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless haff:
 Come fa' to wark, as I hae done,
 And eat the ither haff as soon
 Ye's save ye'r part content quoth Rab—
 And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab:
 Now what was in't, or what was done,
 Is eithly seen,—My story's done,
 Yet frae this tale confederate states may learn
 To save the cow, and not eat her sharn.

FINIS.

